

THE DAWN
OF ETERNITY



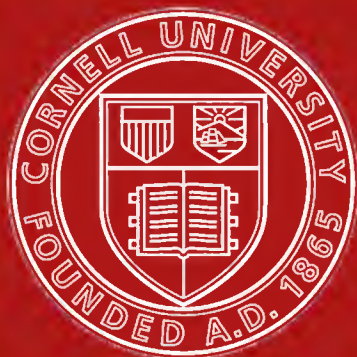
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The Dawn of Eternity

NEW YORK CITY

THE DAWN OF ETERNITY



THE DAWN OF ETERNITY embodies a purpose kept before its author during the greater part of his lifetime—the fulfilment of a solemn resolution that at all cost and at the first opportunity, this understanding of the basic Plan of Life which had come to him through study of the Scriptures and the symbolic teachings of the Great Pyramid of Gizeh, should be given the widest possible presentation to the public.

The world-wide economic depression makes the production of a motion picture of this magnitude, involving an expenditure of millions of dollars, impracticable at the present time. But the author has had specially printed for him a de luxe limited edition of the Play, copies of which he is presenting to some of the large public libraries of the United States, Canada, England, and other countries; the present copy being one of these.

He trusts that this story of man's right to the life which has so long been lost, and its assurance of an everlasting future life on a perfected earth soon to succeed the agony, fear and suffering of the present social order, will prove to be a source of supreme comfort and encouragement to many thoughtful readers.



The
DAWN OF ETERNITY





THE DAWN OF ETERNITY



A SPECTACULAR DRAMA
IN
FIVE ACTS AND NINE EPOCHS



BY
HARRISON · W · ROGERS

ACK.
OCT 12 1932

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Act One

EPOCHS
FIRST
AND
SECOND

The Lord's Promise to Abraham
of Man's Redemption

1906
B.C.

Act Two

EPOCHS
THIRD
FOURTH
FIFTH
AND
SIXTH

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THE
TIME
OF
CHRIST

Act Three

EPOCH
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The Jews and the Promised Land

1950
A.D.

Act Four

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Darkness before the Dawn

3000
A.D.

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EPOCH
THE
NINTH
AND
LAST

The Redemption of Man
The Dawn of Eternity

THE
MILLEN-
NIUM

Personages

Act One	ABRAHAM	<i>Epoch the First, 1906 B.C.</i>	
	ELTHA		
	HER MOTHER		
	HER FATHER		
	NABO	<i>Epoch the Second, 100 B.C.</i>	
	THE LEECH		
Act Two	THE THREE SHEPHERDS	<i>Epoch the Third</i>	THE TIME OF CHRIST
	MARY		
	JOSEPH	<i>Epoch the Fourth</i>	
	THE HOLY INFANT		
	PILATE	<i>Epoch the Fifth</i>	
	THE SAVIOUR	(P. 1)	
	JUDAS	<i>Epoch the Fifth (P. 2)</i>	
	MARY MAGDALENE	<i>Epoch the Sixth</i>	
	MARY, THE MOTHER		
Act Three	DOCTOR DARIUS		1950 A.D.
	MARY DARIUS		
	RUTH DARIUS	<i>Epoch the Seventh</i>	
	FATHER LONG	1st Scene	
	SOFIA PALOVITCH		
	BARON STURM		
	LORD DARTHMUNNING	2d Scene	
	ALEXANDER PALOVITCH	3d Scene	
Act Four	LORD KELMORE		3000 A.D.
	EGLANTINE	<i>Epoch the Eighth</i>	
	REV. FRANCIS DARE	1st Scene	
	DAVIS		
	GENERAL DROSKY	2d Scene	
	BLIFKA		

Act
Five

ABRAHAM
ELTHA
NABO
REV. FRANCIS DARE
EGLANTINE

Epoch the Ninth

THE
MILLEN-
NIUM

The Dawn of Eternity



Synopsis of Scenes

	TIME	
Act One	8:15	EPOCH THE FIRST, 1906 B.C.
		Abraham's Tent in the Desert
		The Lord's Promise to Abraham
	8:20	EPOCH THE SECOND, 100 B.C.
		Roof of a House in Jericho
		The Conversion of the Unbeliever
		<i>Five Minutes Intermission</i>
Act Two	8:35	EPOCH THE THIRD
		The Shepherds Watching Their Flocks
	8:40	EPOCH THE FOURTH
		The Birth of Christ
	8:45	EPOCH THE FIFTH (<i>Part 1</i>)
		Christ's Trial Before Pilate (<i>2 Tableaux</i>)
	8:50	EPOCH THE FIFTH (<i>Part 2</i>)
		The Night After the Crucifixion
	8:55	EPOCH THE SIXTH
		"He is Risen"
		<i>Ten Minutes Intermission</i>
Act Three	9:05	EPOCH THE SEVENTH, 1950 A.D.
		The Congress of Religions
	9:15	<i>Scene 1:</i> Study in Doctor Darius' House, Jerusalem
	9:35	<i>Scene 2:</i> Ante-Room in the Convention Hall
	9:45	<i>Scene 3:</i> Hall of the Congress of Religions
		<i>Ten Minutes Intermission</i>

	TIME	
	10:05	EPOCH THE EIGHTH, 3000 A.D.
Act Four		The Wars of the World
	10:05	Scene 1: Room in Lord Kelmore's House, London, England
	10:15	Scene 2: One Mile above London
	10:25	Scene 3: The Battle of London

Eight Minutes Intermission

	10:40	EPOCH THE NINTH, THE MILLENNIUM
Act Five		The Redemption of Man
	10:40	Scene: Garden in the Holy Land
	11:00	The Dawn of Eternity



The
DAWN OF ETERNITY



Characters in Epoch the First

⁂

ABRAHAM

TWO MALE	}	SERVANTS
TWO FEMALE		

⁂

The
DAWN of ETERNITY



Act One



EPOCH THE FIRST



SCENE: THE DESERT
(*Abraham's Tent R. C.*)

AT RISE: (*Male and female servants enter carrying jugs of water
and provisions.*)

'Tis eventide;
'Tis eventide.
The sunset light hath nearly died.
Now in God's keeping we abide.

A day of toil is done,
Gone with the vanished sun.
So pass our cares away,
Until another day.

'Tis eventide;
'Tis eventide.
Tho' soon the shadows o'er us glide,
Still in God's keeping we abide.

(Servants enter tent, leaving jugs, etc. Re-enter and cross to L. and exeunt with repeat of refrain, "'Tis eventide," etc.)

(Voices die away in the distance. Stage meanwhile growing darker.)

(Abraham enters from tent. He looks up at darkening skies, crosses to L., looks off.)

ABRAHAM: My servants have gone to their tents; the night cometh on, and I am alone—alone in the Darkness.

(Shafts of light from four calciums at four corners of the stage fall on him.)

It is the light of God!

VOICE: *(Off stage.)*

Abraham!

ABRAHAM: It is the voice of God!

VOICE: Abraham, lift up thine eyes and look from the place where thou art; all the land that thou see'st, to the East and the West, and the North and the South, all the land which thou see'st, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed forever.

ABRAHAM: Oh, Lord!

VOICE: As thou knowest, man has lost the right to live, and in the Fulness of Time the promise made that the seed of woman shall bruise the serpent's head will come to pass, and man will live again. Arise! Walk through the land in the length of it and in the breadth of it, for I will give it unto thee.

ABRAHAM: Oh, Lord!

(Servants rush in.)

SERVANT: Didst thou call, Master?

ABRAHAM: I called thee not, but the Master of all Masters, even thy Master's Master, hath called me and thee; hath sworn a covenant with me and thee. Down on thy knees and worship the great Jehovah, for He is the Lord of hosts, the Alpha and the Omega.

R A I N B O W

(Abraham crosses to tent. Servants enter. Tent is struck. Servants carry tent and articles and cross from R. C. to L. followed by Abraham.)

END OF EPOCH THE FIRST

Characters in Epoch the Second



ELTHA · *A Jewess*

HER MOTHER AND HER FATHER · *Jews*

THE LEECH · *A Doctor*

NABO · *Her Infidel Lover*



EPOCH THE SECOND



(PERIOD: *About One Hundred Years B. C.*)

SCENE: ROOF OF HOUSE IN JERICHO WITH PERSPECTIVE OF
OTHER ROOFS NEAR AND AFAR.

*(Eltha discovered lying on couch of roof. An awning protects
her from sunlight.)*

TIME: MID-DAY

ELTHA: I fear it is my last day; nay, it may be my last hour
of Life. Yet I am not sad, but rather can I rejoice
greatly.

(Sits up with difficulty.)

I can see his house, my Nabo's dwelling place. It is
something to see that—but I am weak

(Falls back on couch.)

My strength is all spent; it is the end—the end
Nabo, my loved one, though thou lovest not my
God, yet lovest me, and I who love my God, and
love thee, oh, my love, if thou would'st but believe
in Him, then would I die happy.

*(Closes her eyes. Mother, Father and Leech enter. Mother
crosses to couch and gazes at sleeping girl.)*

MOTHER: Verily, it may be the sleep that knows no waking.

(Leans over her.)

Her breath comes and goes. My darling is spared us yet for a while.

LEECH: I give thee no hope.

FATHER: None?

LEECH: None.

FATHER: Thou would'st not bleed her more?

LEECH: Nay, for there is but little blood left in her poor veins.

(Nabo enters, crosses toward couch. Father and Leech attempt to detain him. He shakes himself free of them as he comes to couch.)

(Mother holds up her hand.)

NABO: Thou mayest command, but none other.

LEECH: *(Aside to Father.)*

It is this unbeliever that hath hastened her illness to its approaching end.

FATHER: I should kill him.

(Runs to Nabo. Struggles with him.)

I should kill thee, as thou hast killed her.

ELTHA: *(Sitting up with difficulty.)*

Nay, Father, he bringeth me not to Death, but to Life Everlasting, and I love him. Ah, how I love him!

MOTHER: Begone, thou unbeliever, who hast taken our child from us!

NABO: From me, from me, she is taken from me!

(Mother by gestures attempts to prevent him sitting near Eltha, but recognizes her daughter's wish.)

ELTHA: I will be taken from thee, dear one, but not from thee, sweet Mother.

(Father comes forward.)

Nor yet from my good Father, for we are of the True Faith and know that we shall live again together, forever and forever.

(To Nabo.)

But I shall be taken from thee, thou whom I love, because thou wilt not believe.

LEECH: *(Aside.)*

I can do no more, my place is elsewhere.

(Exits.)

(Father and Mother weep.)

ELTHA: Leave Nabo with me, dear Father and Mother, that I may perchance help him to see the Light.

FATHER: For a little while only, Eltha

(To Mother.)

Come!

(Exeunt Father and Mother.)

ELTHA: For a little while, and yet perhaps for a long while.

NABO: Say not so, my beloved!

ELTHA: Nabo, once I numbered my life by years; then cometh my illness, and I numbered that life by months. Lately have I numbered it by days; at sunrise, by hours; now, I count my life by minutes.

NABO: No, no. Thou wilt live.

(Weeps.)

(Suddenly.)

Thou must live!

(Fiercely.)

Bid thy God make thee live!

ELTHA: Hush, I have told thee my life is numbered by minutes—they are not many. Oh, Nabo, believe in my God while yet I live.

NABO: No.

ELTHA: Love thou my God, as I love my God.

NABO: Do as I have done. Why not curse thy God and die, and at least be at rest?

ELTHA: Tho' He slay me—yet will I praise Him. Oh, trust in Him and His Word.

NABO: I cannot.

ELTHA: Soon will my life be numbered by seconds. Oh, believe, believe in Him. Remember the promise made to Abraham, and be thou redeemed in the coming Dawn.

NABO: Dawn. What Dawn?

ELTHA: **The Dawn of Eternity.**

(Sinks back.)

Nabo believe kiss me I die.

(Nabo leans over couch. Takes Eltha in his arms. Feels her heart.)

NABO: Dead! Dead!

(Bus.)

And Thou, her God, could'st not save her; or if
Thou could'st, Thou would'st not!

(Bus.)

Dead, dead! Oh, my Eltha, oh, my truest heart!

(Weeps at couch. Rises.)

Hear me, Thou Jehovah, Thou whom she adored;
if Thou be the only living God, and perchance she
was right about Thee and Thy Power, and Thou
art the only Living God, and I being familiar with
the teachings of Thy so-called people, and Thy
claim Thy blood washes away sin, then now to Thee
I turn, that I may join her! And as this morn I num-
bered my life by years, now I number it by seconds.
Eltha, believing in Thy God, I come!

(Stabs himself, and falls dead over Eltha's body.)

(Father, Mother and Leech enter and run forward.)

TABLEAU

CURTAIN

END OF EPOCH THE SECOND

Act Two



EPOCH THE THIRD



TABLEAU CURTAIN: (PAINTING)

The Shepherds Watching Their Flocks at Night.

The Appearance of the Star.

Chorus of Male and Female Voices Off Stage.

The patient shepherds watched their flocks,
While slowly sped the night,
When suddenly in Heaven appeared
A star of wond'rous light.
So silvery fair,
It lingered there,
A star of wond'rous light.

And marvelling the shepherds gazed—
Yes, gazed with one accord,
When lo, before them they beheld
The Angel of the Lord!
A vision bright,
In robes of white—
The Angel of the Lord!

"I bring you tidings of great joy!
Fear not," he said to them;
"A Saviour—Christ the Lord—is born
In lowly Bethlehem!
Go ye and gaze,
The Saviour lies
In lowly Bethlehem!"

Then rose the shepherds to their feet,
And once more gazed afar,
While soft they heard the Angel's voice—
"O follow ye the star!
Your steps 'twill bring
To Christ the King.
So follow ye the star!"

(On the conclusion of the number the star moves across the skies, while the picture gradually fades away, the star still shining brightly.)

END OF EPOCH THE THIRD

EPOCH THE FOURTH



The Manger with the Saviour.

PANTOMIME

*Recording the Events Narrated in the New Testament.
The Arrival of the Shepherds with Their Presentation of Gifts
to the Babe.*

MARY, JOSEPH AND THE SHEPHERDS

Kneel at the Manger.



END OF EPOCH THE FOURTH



DARK STAGE

VISION OF THE HEAVENLY HOST

CHORUS OF THE ANGELS



CHORUS OF THE ANGELS



Rejoice, rejoice, oh, Bethlehem!	} The }
God's glory fills the night.	
The darkness of the world is lost	
In everlasting light.	

Dawn
of
Eternity

Rejoice, rejoice, oh, Eastern star,
The Heavens' brightest gem,
And bear the tidings near and far
Of Christ in Bethlehem!

Rejoice, rejoice, oh, World that 'waits
God's one eternal plan,
And open wide Redemption's gates—
Redemption's there for Man!

The promise in the Eastern star,
The promise of all days;
The promise to be borne afar
From where the Infant lies.

Rejoice, rejoice, with soul and voice,
In Christ one hope we see,
Redemption, Man's Redemption—
For all Eternity!

EPOCH THE FIFTH



TABLEAU ONE

CHRIST'S TRIAL BEFORE PILATE

(A Living Representation of the Famous Painting)

PILATE: "Art thou then the King of the Jews?"

CHRIST: "Thou sayest it."

TABLEAU TWO

THE SAME WITH GROUPS CHANGED

(The Saviour, with Crown of Thorns on His Brow, Being Led Away.)

ALL: "Hail, King of the Jews!
Now away with Him and
Crucify Him!"

EPOCH THE FIFTH—*Continued*



TABLEAU ONE

THE ROAD TO CALVARY

(Scene in Two)

(Scene is barely disclosed in the dimly lit stage. Figures cross stage slowly.)

VOICE: It is over! He hath been crucified, He that was
King of the Jews.

ANOTHER
VOICE: And what did the High Priest say, and the scribes?
They said: "He saved others; Himself He cannot
save!"

ANOTHER
VOICE: But remember what the Centurion said!

VOICE: He said: "Truly this *was* the Son of God!"

ANOTHER
VOICE: For when He gave up the ghost, and cried out with
a loud voice, then the Veil of the Temple was rent
in twain from the top to the bottom, and the earth
did quake.

ANOTHER
VOICE: And the graves were opened and the bodies of the
Saints which slept arose.

(Person enters breathlessly.)

VOICE (4): And now Joseph of Arimathæa hath His body.

ALL: Joseph, who was ever a wise and a good man.

VOICE (4): And with Nicodemus he will wind the body of
Jesus in linen with spices, and He is to be laid in a
new sepulchre where never a man was laid before.

FIRST
VOICE: And so they crucified the One who came to save
that which was lost. Yet remember it hath been
said, "They shall look on Him whom they pierced."

VOICE: He hath paid the price for the whole world, having
given His flesh for all mankind. He whom the
Heavens will retain until the Restitution of all
things that hath been spoken of by Holy Prophets
since the world began will be manifested in due
time.

(Judas enters.)

SEVERAL
VOICES: It is Judas! For shame!

ALL: For shame! Judas who betrayed his Master!

JUDAS (*groaning*):
I betrayed Him with a kiss; I betrayed Him with
a kiss. Let me pass!

VOICE: Draw aside all and let him pass! Let no one's gar-
ment be polluted with the touch of this man!

JUDAS: I go now to my death!

VOICE: Then let him pass the quicker!

JUDAS: Aye! The quicker I go the better! It was I that did
betray the Master!

END OF EPOCH THE FIFTH

Characters in Epoch the Sixth



MARY MAGDALENE

MARY THE MOTHER

TWO ANGELS IN VISION



EPOCH THE SIXTH



Tomb consisting of huge rocks on left of stage and set stone in front.



*Stage darkens Rock scrim lights up, revealing Angels
guarding Tomb.*

Stage is lit, vision of Angels fades.



*Mary Magdalene and Mary the Mother enter,
bearing white linen and spices.*

MARY Here he lieth, and now we will anoint His body;
MAGDALENE: but how shall we roll the stone away?

(They lay linen and incense on ground.)

We will summon some who shall help us, that the
stone being rolled away, we may be blessed in the
fulfillment of our wish to anoint the body of the
Lord.

(Stage grows dark: scrim lights up, revealing Angels.)

He is not here!

CHORUS OF FEMALE VOICES OFF STAGE



He is risen!
He is risen!
He hath left this earthly sod;
He hath gone unto His Father:
He hath gone to God!

His sufferings are over;
He dwelleth now in peace,
To await in Heaven the coming day,
When Sin itself shall cease.

Then ye who loved Him weep no more,
In this your earthly prison;
But the tidings tell o'er sea and shore,—
He is risen,
He is risen!

END OF EPOCH THE SIXTH

Act Three



EPOCH THE SEVENTH



THE CONGRESS OF RELIGIONS



Characters

DOCTOR DARIUS · *The Jewish Representative at the Congress
of Religions*

BARON STURM · *The German Representative at the Congress
of Religions*

LORD DARTHMUNNING · *The English Representative at
the Congress of Religions*

ALEXANDER PALOVITCH · *The Russian Representative at
the Congress of Religions*

MARY DARIUS · *Wife of Doctor Darius*

RUTH DARIUS · *Their Daughter*

SOFIA PALOVITCH · *Wife of Alexander Palovitch*

FATHER LONG · *A Friend of Doctor Darius*

TIME · 1950

SCENE · *Jerusalem*

SCENE ONE · *Study in Doctor Darius' House, Jerusalem.*
Early Afternoon.

SCENE TWO · *Ante-Room in the Convention Hall.*
Late Afternoon.

SCENE THREE · *Hall of the Congress of Religions.*
Twilight.

SCENE ONE: *Study in Doctor Darius' House. (Well-filled bookcases—
maps and charts on walls.)*

*(Doctor sits in easy-chair by reading table, with small
volume in his hand.)*

DOCTOR: How splendidly expressed! How direct! This little
volume overflows with the truth. What can be
better expressed than this?

(Reads.)

“We have seen the storm gathering for years past:
The mighty hosts have been preparing for the
battle, and each year witnesses more rapid strides of
progress towards the foretold crisis. Although we
know that unparalleled disaster must soon dash all
law and order into the abyss of anarchy and con-
fusion, we do not fear, for God is our refuge and
strength, a very present help in trouble.”

(He lays book down.)

And so on the eve of a war that has threatened to
devastate and disorganize the entire world the Con-
gress of Religions is held here in Jerusalem, and we

feel that God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

(Father Long enters.)

Ah, good evening, Father!

LONG: I have just left the hall. The fifth day of the Congress of Religions sees the different representatives at odds with each other.

DOCTOR: And the mooted question still far from being solved?

LONG: The mooted question shall Palestine be given to the Jews?

DOCTOR: Why, oh why can't this question be solved?

(Paces the floor nervously.)

Let us consider to what situation this Congress of Religions owes its birth. At a meeting of ambassadors of every nation in the world, England, on behalf of the Jewish people, offered Turkey an almost fabulous price for Palestine.

LONG: Fabulous indeed! Sixty million dollars!

DOCTOR: Turkey declined the offer,—and why?

LONG: Ask Russia that!

DOCTOR: And ask India also!

LONG: India also,—India ready at the twinkling of an eye

to renounce allegiance to the British Empire, aided and abetted by Russia.

DOCTOR: With Germany also in league with Russia, England's old enemy—tho' her royal blood is mainly derived from the Fatherland.

LONG: Reviewing the situation: Yes, the gauntlet of war was thrown down by the United Powers of Russia, Germany, Turkey and the Indian Empire—all allied against England.

DOCTOR: England seemingly alone. For France remained neutral—as did most of the smaller countries. England seemingly alone, paralyzed with the prospect of a war that would crush her for a certainty; but not alone, for the Great United States stepped in then and said, "We are with England!"

LONG: So at that juncture the Powers halted. Still Turkey would not sell Palestine that it might be restored to the Jews; because even at this late day Russia's hatred of the Jews is more potent than ever.

DOCTOR: Then at the suggestion of France, it was decided the question should be settled peaceably, if possible. The Congress of Religions took the matter up.

LONG: And evidently the Congress of Religions will lay the matter down; for Russia's representative and Turkey's representative and the Buddhist from the Indian Empire will agree with none but themselves. Therefore, the most fearful war in the history of the world seems inevitable.

DOCTOR: But mark my words—war or no war—the Jews will come into their own! The Lord's promise to Abraham will be fulfilled. Palestine sooner or later will belong to the Jews.

LONG: And after that?

DOCTOR: The establishment in its perfect form—the Kingdom of the Lord.

LONG: The Redemption of Man!

DOCTOR: Aye! The Redemption of Man!

(Ruth enters.)

RUTH: Good evening, Father Long.

(Takes his hand.)

Do I intrude?

DOCTOR: My daughter, intrude? Come and kiss me, child, and the kiss shall be your answer.

(Ruth comes to her father and kisses him.)

DOCTOR: *(Taking papers off desk.)*

I forget the name of Russia's representative at the Congress of Religions.

LONG: Alexander Palovitch.

DOCTOR: Alexander Palovitch?

RUTH: *(Aside.)*

Alexander Palovitch here—here in Jerusalem?

(Leans against table.)

DOCTOR: What's the matter, Ruth, aren't you well?

RUTH: It's the heat—the heat! I will go to my room and lie down.

(Crosses to door.)

DOCTOR: Do, my dear child, you seem to be ailing.

RUTH: *(Aside.)*

After seven years—Alexander Palovitch here
after seven years!

(Exits door R.)

DOCTOR: *(Taking up papers.)*

Ah, here it is, but the name of Russia's representative is not Palovitch, it is Count Polosko.

LONG: Who died here in Jerusalem the third day. Alexander Palovitch, hastily summoned from St. Petersburg, took his place in the Congress this morning.

DOCTOR: Well. The finality of death is finality indeed. Say, Father Long, will you walk over to the Hall with me? I fancy I should like to hear a little of the debating.

LONG: Very well, but do not expect to see Palovitch there.

DOCTOR: And why not?

LONG: He and the Buddhist fanatic were told to stay away till the morning.

DOCTOR: Indeed?

LONG: Their antagonism to the point at issue upsets the other members to such an extent that the others are trying to devise a solution independent of them.

DOCTOR: Still if Palovitch, as Russia's representative, will not agree, of what avail is it?

LONG: Of course Palovitch will agree to nothing. Russia's instructions to him are not to agree. Russia wants the war—particularly since she feels the Indian Empire will be her ally.

(Exeunt both L.)

(Ruth enters L. cautiously, crosses to R. door, watches Doctor and Long exeunt till the street door is heard to close.)

RUTH: So Palovitch is here, he of all men! He was supposed to be dead, and he is not dead, but here in Jerusalem. Palovitch, the wretch, who under cover of soft words and fine promises, broke my heart and ruined my life!—Sometimes I think it would have been better for me to have told my mother and father; tho' my father would have killed me, as he would now kill Palovitch, did he know who he is.

(Mary Darius enters L. with tray containing tea and toast.)

MARY: So your Father has gone?

RUTH: He just left, Mother.

MARY: It's a pity I missed him. He has scarcely broken his fast all day. I wonder, dear, if the Congress of Religions will settle the vexed question, or if there will be war.

RUTH: War, war, let it come!

(Aside.)

There is no peace here; no rest here!

(Placing her hand to her heart.)

Come war and welcome!

MARY: Ruth—my daughter—you are agitated!

RUTH: It is nothing.

MARY: Will you have a cup of tea?

(Pours cup of tea.)

RUTH: No, thank you, Mother.

MARY: Then I'll take a cup. Oh, Ruth, can you imagine if we only get Palestine what a beautiful thing it will be,—our race re-united in our promised land! Oh, daughter, I pray nightly that it may be!

(Doctor Darius enters breathlessly.)

DOCTOR: Ah, Mary, dear,—you see I am out of breath! On the way to the Hall I met a messenger with a note for me. It seems the hotels are all overcrowded,—there are not sufficient accommodations for even the families of our envoys. It seems that the wife of the Russian envoy Palovitch has followed her husband here. He is occupying a makeshift of a room at the hotel and simply must let his wife occupy quarters elsewhere. The president in this note asks me if I can accommodate her here.

MARY: Why, of course, dear.

RUTH: No, no!

MARY: }
DOCTOR: } Ruth! Why do you object?

RUTH: I—don't——object.

MARY: Even a woman from the land of our enemies will
be welcome. It is the Lord's will!

DOCTOR: Very good, that's settled then. By the bye—the
name—Palovitch—seems familiar. Do you re-
member, Mary, when you and I went to London
and left Ruth with some friends in Paris,—didn't
she write something about meeting a pleasant
young man by the name of Palovitch?

MARY: Better ask Ruth that question.

DOCTOR: Eh, Ruth?

RUTH: *(Merely looks at father, but does not answer.)*

DOCTOR: You never met a man by the name of Palovitch?

RUTH: No.

DOCTOR: *(Laughing.)*

How dramatic you are, child! I didn't know but
that in those earlier years of your maidenhood you
might have toyed with his affections or broken his
heart.

MARY: Or he might have broken hers, eh, Ruth?

DOCTOR: Come, that's funny. The idea of any man breaking Ruth's heart!

(Mary and Doctor laugh.)

Well, I'll tell the President that we will accommodate the wife of Alexander Palovitch,—for the night at least.

(Exits L.)

RUTH: Mother, I'm going to my room and lie down.

MARY: Very well, dear. I'm sorry you are not feeling well.

RUTH: You won't mind, mother dear?

MARY: Certainly not, child,—oh, wait a moment! If this lady comes, whose room shall she have? Our bedrooms are so few! Shall I give her mine and share yours with you, or shall she have yours and you occupy mine with me?

RUTH: She shall not sleep in my room!

MARY: Ruth, why are you so cross?

RUTH: Never mind, mother. Put her in whichever room you like. It is nothing to me—nothing!

MARY: You need a rest, child. You are not yourself today. I'll amuse myself in the meantime.

(Takes up book off table.)

Tho' I've read every book in the room, I can read them again.

(Ruth exits L.)

(Mary reads a few seconds in silence.)

MARY: This is comfort, indeed!

(Reads.)

“Thus saith the Lord God: Behold, O my people, I will open graves and cause you to come up out of your graves, and bring you into the land of Israel. And ye shall know that I am the Lord, when I have opened your graves, and shall put my spirit in you, and ye shall live, and I shall place you in your own land——”

(Looking up from book.)

Your own land!——

(Reads.)

“Then shall ye know that I the Lord have spoken it, and performed it, saith the Lord.”

(She closes the book.)

So it is to be! So it is *sure* to be!

(L. door opens. Doctor and Mme. Palovitch enter.)

DOCTOR: I’m back quickly, eh, my dear? I present Madame Palovitch—my wife, Mary, Madame.

MADAME P.: And here I am to sojourn temporarily! Well, I suppose beggars can’t be choosers.

(Doctor looks at his wife. Both are apparently astonished at Mme. Palovitch’s rudeness.)

DOCTOR: *(Aside to his wife.)*

Perhaps she doesn't mean to be uncivil.

MARY: I hope not.

MADAME P.: And where do I sleep?—

(Indicating lounge.)

Here?

MARY: Why, no!

MADAME P.: *(Indicating table.)*

Then surely not on this—or in here;

(Opening door of cupboard.)

or perhaps in here!

(Indicating fireplace.)

DOCTOR: Madame Palovitch, we of course will tender you a bedroom.

MADAME P.: Indeed! I will sleep in a bedroom! But excuse me for seeming strange. Let me confess I am somewhat peculiar.

DOCTOR: Indeed no, you are not peculiar.

MADAME P.: Am I not? I rather fancied I might be—peculiar. Still all the same, forgive me,—I am a married woman, and married women have so much to endure.

(To Mary.)

Don't they?

DOCTOR:

(Aside.)

Come to reconsider the matter, she *is* peculiar.

(Ruth enters L.)

(Presenting Ruth.)

My daughter Ruth, Madame Palovitch.

(Ruth bows.)

RUTH:

(Aside.)

His wife!

DOCTOR:

Well, having performed my duty, I must be back at the Hall. I shall hope to see you later, Madame Palovitch.

(Bows and exits R.)

MARY:

Your pardon, Madame, but we wish to please you, and yet it will be, I fear, difficult.

(To Ruth.)

Shall Madame Palovitch occupy your room or mine?

RUTH:

Yours, Mother; I told you that before.

MARY:

I think that would be the better way. I'll take out a few of my things and put them in your room, dear.

(To Mme. P.)

Pardon me, but we were arranging how to make you comfortable. I will leave you with my daughter for a few moments.

(Exits L.)

(Madame paces up and down the room nervously, Ruth watching her.)

MADAME P.: I shall die of ennui in this hole.

RUTH: Do you refer to our home?

MADAME P.: I beg your pardon, you were not supposed to hear.

RUTH: This is our home.

MADAME P.: Yes, yes.

(Yawns. Half concealing her yawns with a fan.)

(Mme. sits.)

Well, child, I understand the momentous question will be settled tonight. Are the Jews to occupy Palestine? Is the Promised Land to become a reality at last?

RUTH: I hope we will come into our own.

MADAME P.: Oh, to be sure! You are a Jewess?

RUTH: Yes.

MADAME P.: My husband, Alexander Palovitch, does not like the Jews. Nor do I—that is to say, with the exception of those Jews under whose roof I am now.—My husband is a very handsome man, child.

(Opening locket that is suspended on long chain hanging from her neck.)

Come, look at his picture.

RUTH: No, thank you.

MADAME P.: *(Extending locket to her.)*

Don't be timid. Such a handsome face might please the fancy of an attractive girl like you. For you *are* attractive,—even for a Jewess.

RUTH: *(Walking away.)*

I do not care to see your husband's picture.

MADAME P.: Oh, nonsense! Now, I insist that you shall see it.

(Follows after Ruth, holding locket towards her.)

Look at him!

RUTH: *(Fiercely.)*

I don't want to look.

MADAME P.: To be refused like this by a Jewess! I—a Russian! Pshaw!

RUTH: Yes, I will look at your husband's picture.

MADAME P.: Remember you are looking at him; he is not looking at *you*.

(Ruth suddenly seizes locket. Jerking it free of chain, throws it across room.)

Insolence! How dare you? Are you insane?

(Takes Ruth by arm. Ruth shakes herself free of Madame and throws Madame aside.)

RUTH: Now, leave me alone.

(Madame P. is stunned and bewildered. Finally pulls herself together. Searches for locket and finds it.)

MADAME P.: How dare you?

RUTH: How dare I? Don't taunt me, that's all! We all have the demon of murder slumbering in our hearts,—that demon—murder—is wide awake in me at this moment.

MADAME P.: *(After a pause.)*

Perhaps I said too much.

(Looking at Ruth curiously.)

Heavens, I didn't know a Jewess could have so much spirit!

(Mme. P. sits.)

Come, don't let's be angry.

RUTH: Then don't taunt me.

MADAME P.: Tomorrow, Heaven willing, my husband and I will be on the train leaving Jerusalem. For though they remain in session all tonight, the Congress of Religions is in the last hours of its meeting. Tomorrow, I fancy, the nations will know that the Jewish issue cannot be settled peaceably, and it will be war,—big, cruel, merciless, ravenous, raving war.

RUTH: And how do you know it will be war?

MADAME P.: Ah! That is perhaps a political secret, but I will answer you. You shall know the secret. Russia's representative at this Congress—my husband—has his positive orders not to vote in favor of the Jews regaining Palestine,—and he will not vote for it.

RUTH: Then the others should know this and save time.

MADAME P.: No, Russia must go thro' the farce of seeming to listen.

RUTH: So it is a farce now?

MADAME P.: What else but a farce to you and me who know? Yet that farce would become a tragedy did my husband vote for the Jews.

RUTH: A tragedy?

MADAME P.: Aye, a tragedy! For did he prove a traitor to the Czar's instructions, his reward would be death.

RUTH: Does he know this?

MADAME P.: Of course, and this I know. Did Alexander by any freak of impulse vote contrary to the Czar's wishes, I simply would keep him out of Russia. Yet one can never tell; there may be a secret agent watching him even in the Hall.

RUTH: That could hardly be; none but members are present.

MADAME P.: Still, you can't tell. A Russian secret agent might be there as the door-tender, as the usher, perhaps,—but I don't think so.

RUTH: And you and your husband are very happy?

MADAME P.: Very, very happy. He is a careless, reckless sort of a man—(*suddenly*)—but I am talking too familiarly with you.

RUTH: It would only balance your previous insolence.

MADAME P.: Ah, you're still touchy!

RUTH: *(Fingering revolver.)*

Would your husband do anything you requested of him?

MADAME P.: Of course he would!

(Utters a scream.)

Good Heavens! What are you doing with that?

RUTH: Nothing.

(Lays it on table.)

MADAME P.: My husband and I love each other very dearly—I have had no previous affair, nor has he—at least nothing to speak of.

(During dialogue Mme. P. tries to take pistol off table, but Ruth prevents her.)

RUTH: And he would do anything you ask?

MADAME P.: Why, of course, child!

RUTH: I believe you said that neither he nor you had had any previous love affairs?

MADAME P.: I said he had had one—but nothing worth speaking of.

RUTH: And why not worth speaking of?

MADAME P.: Because it isn't. I hardly know what it was, to tell the truth,—but it was some little affair with a Jewess—no offense, child, a Jewess.

RUTH: A Jewess loved your husband?

MADAME P.: I don't know just what the situation was. She was a little toy for him in his foolish days,—a little toy. Still, what else could a Jewess—a Jewess of all women—expect to be with such a man as my husband!

RUTH: Do you see the paper and ink in front of you ?

MADAME P.: And pray, what have I to do with paper and ink?

RUTH: A great deal.

(Covers Mme. P. with revolver.)

MADAME P.: What do you mean?

RUTH: Keep cool, I beg of you. I have a favor to request.

MADAME P.: You want my autograph, perhaps? But why the revolver leveled at me? I don't understand.

RUTH: You do not need to understand. Do as I say—write!

MADAME P.: *(Taking up pen.)*

This is unusual.

RUTH: But necessary. By the way, as a word of introduction,—your husband will do anything you ask?

MADAME P.: Er—yes!

RUTH: Write—"My dear Husband."

MADAME P.: *(Writing.)*

"My dear Husband."

RUTH: "There is something that weighs heavily on my

conscience. I refer to the episode in your past life with the Jewess."

MADAME P.: I'll write no such thing.

(Throws down pen.)

RUTH: Take up that pen!

(Mme. P. reluctantly does so.)

Write as I tell you! Falter again for one second, and I shall kill you!

(Mme. P. writes as Ruth dictates.)

RUTH: "I want you to vote in favor of the Jews at to-night's session. Do not be afraid of the consequence, for we need never return to Russia. Therefore, join with the others so that an arrangement with Turkey may be made, and the Jews regain Palestine. By doing this you will, in a measure, atone for the wrong you did that Jewish woman before you married me." Now sign it!

(Takes paper off desk and looks at it.)

MADAME P.: And now, my blackmailing friend, are you through?

(Mary enters.)

RUTH: Not quite. Mother, come here,—quickly! Sit here!

(Places Mary in chair opposite Mme. P.)

Hold this revolver so. Do not let that woman stir from this room till I return.

MARY: Ruth, you frighten me. What does this mean?

MADAME P.: Yes, what does it mean? Is she mad?

RUTH: Keep that revolver leveled at her head, Mother. I go to the Congress of Religions with this paper to Alexander Palovitch,—the paper that instructs him to vote for our rightful cause. Years ago, Mother, a fawning wretch broke your daughter's heart—used your daughter as a toy,—a little toy. The wretch who broke your daughter's heart was Alexander Palovitch,—this woman's husband.

TABLEAU

DARK STAGE

SCENE TWO: *Ante-Room in the Convention Hall of the
Congress of Religions*

(Doctor Darius enters with Baron Sturm.)

DOCTOR: Come, Baron, the Congress will soon adjourn for another five years. Let at least one good deed be credited to the Congress of Religions. Let the nations avert a fearful war. Let the Jews re-enter Palestine.

BARON: I'm not preventing them.

DOCTOR: But you are! If you vote with the Jews, we'll bring Turkey around; and then Russia will stand alone in her opposition.

BARON: What about the Indian Empire?

DOCTOR: The Indian Empire has not renounced loyalty to England as yet,—nor is it likely to, if your country comes to its senses. Russia by herself dare not fight England and the United States.

(Palovitch entering.)

PALOVITCH: Russia dare do anything.

DOCTOR: True, Russia has dared to persecute the Jews in its dominions from time immemorial. Noble Russia!

PALOVITCH: Unless every representative votes in favor of the issue, the issue is lost. It was expressly decreed by the Powers, great and small, that if their representatives could not all agree, then the question should be decided, as originally planned, on the battlefields of the world.

DOCTOR: Very well, Palovitch. Then let us suppose the question comes down to cannon, soldiers, artillery, cavalry, torpedoes, et cetera, Great Britain can blow your little navy into "smithereens," and the United States can wipe your army off the earth. Talk sense, Palovitch, not bombast.

PALOVITCH: Russia will not be alone as you suppose,—first, we will have Germany

BARON: You will not have Germany. I vote with the Jews! I don't care if the Kaiser banishes me from the Fatherland.

DOCTOR: What's that, Baron? You really mean it?

BARON: Of course. I've been a dunderheaded blockhead to be so obstinate. Why shouldn't the Jews do what

they please? Go where they please? Live where they please?

DOCTOR: Will you announce your decision to the others?

BARON: Certainly!

(Crosses with Doctor to L.)

To Palestine with the Jews and to Russia with the Russians.

(Exits L. with Doctor.)

PALOVITCH: They don't know. They don't know. Our secret agents scattered in every nook and corner of the Indian Empire only await word from us, and backed by our army, they renounce allegiance to England in a night. I know what I know.

(Tumultuous cheers off L. Interval. More cheers. Doctor re-enters.)

DOCTOR: You stand alone, Palovitch. Germany is with us; then, the next moment, Turkey ignored her promise to your Czar, and her member swore he was with the Jews to the death. You stand alone, Palovitch.

PALOVITCH: Then, I stand alone.

(Cheers off L.)

DOCTOR: Palovitch, don't be obstinate. What else can you do but capitulate?

PALOVITCH: I will never be with you.

DOCTOR: Then we'll make you.

PALOVITCH: Bah! Make a Russian do anything? You don't know

us! You weary me with your platitudes. I beg of you not to tire me further. By sunrise the Congress of Religions session terminates—my wife and I return to St. Petersburg—and then—will come—History.

(Tremendous cheers off L. Doctor exits and re-enters.)

DOCTOR: France, hitherto neutral, cables that tho' she has no representative here, she takes sides with the Jews.

PALOVITCH: And what is France?

(Messenger enters. Gives Palovitch a letter. He reads it, becomes violently agitated and leans against table.)

PALOVITCH: *(Aside.)*

What can my wife mean? This letter must be a hoax! To vote for the Jews means my death! Why does she request it? What can she mean? I cannot do it—and yet, she asks it.

DOCTOR: Bad news, Palovitch?

PALOVITCH: No! No!

(Walks up and down much agitated.)

(Aside.)

I cannot do it! I cannot do it! And yet she says I must. This letter is a hoax—or something is wrong.

(Calls.)

Doctor! My intellect is paralyzed with the suddenness of this shock. My wife, to whom I can refuse nothing,—she, my wife,—wants me—to—vote—for—the—Jews. Read!

(Gives Doctor the note.)

DOCTOR:

(Reading.)

Your wife is a humane and wise woman——

(Reads.)

Palovitch,—I would not have thought it of you—you, who profess to despise the very word Jew: you to have had an affair with a Jewish woman! Incredible! Impossible!

PALOVITCH: Doctor, I do not know. I may be assassinated if I vote for the Jews.

DOCTOR: Coward! You *must* do as she requests! Your conscience demands it—if nothing else.

PALOVITCH: But the assassin may know the moment after I do this,—if I do it.

DOCTOR: Be a man! Be a Russian! Do what is right and shame the wrong! As she says here, you need never return to Russia.

PALOVITCH: *(Seizing letter from Doctor.)*

Where does she say that? Yes, I see! But I can't do it! Yet I must or she will never speak to me again—and I love her—I adore her—I worship her! But this may have been written under stress of some great excitement: her mind was temporarily unbalanced! I'll be assassinated any moment—I'll be assassinated!

(Looking at letter again—aside.)

It comes back—the Jewess—her name—what was

her name? She never did tell me that—all I know,
she was called Ruth.

(Crushes letter in hand and casts it across room.)

It's a practical joke of my wife's!

(Laughs hysterically.)

But who brought it here?

(Shrieks to Doctor.)

I want to know who brought this note here?

(Ruth entering.)

RUTH: I did, Alexander Palovitch.

PALOVITCH: Ruth!

TABLEAU

DARK CHANGE TO

SCENE THREE · *Hall of the Congress of Religions.*

(Chairs of a comfortable leather arm-chair pattern. No limit to number. But each chair must be occupied by a representative. Heavily carpeted floor. The sole exit doors are green. Stage is in half light.)

LORD DARTHMUNNING, ENGLISH REPRESENTATIVE,
OCCUPIES STANDING POSITION ON DAIS

LORD D.: *(Addressing other members.)*

Gentlemen, at this juncture of the proceedings, we
have reason for congratulations: Germany has ca-
pitulated, and is with us; France, hitherto neutral,

announces her position in the controversy, in no uncertain terms; Turkey defies Russia, and joins us,—and now, who remains to combat the great question at issue, “Shall a persecuted, but noble, race be permitted to have what is theirs?” Gentlemen, the Jews shall have Palestine. Russia cannot stop us now,—no, not even if the Indian Empire broke her bonds and warred with Russia against us. But we want this matter arranged peaceably, and we need Russia’s vote. I fear we shall not get it. But we can at least feel that the Congress of Religions has done nobly and well, and I congratulate you all, gentlemen, for your splendid work.

(Resumes his seat amid cheers and hand clapping.)

(Doctor Darius enters thro’ folding doors and takes place on dais.)

DOCTOR:

Gentlemen, I am happy to announce that the representative of Russia, Alexander Palovitch, has yielded to other influences, and will now vote in favor of the transferring by Turkey of Palestine to the Jewish people.

(Loud and terrific cheers.)

(Alexander Palovitch enters by folding doors, and crosses nervously and hesitatingly to the dais. As he takes his stand on the dais and faces the others they greet him with hand clapping. He speaks with great hesitation and difficulty.)

PALOVITCH: Gentlemen, perhaps I surprise you—

(Applause.)

I am at a loss what to say—how to begin,—how to explain—

(Baron interrupts with cry of "Let him vote—never mind speech." Others cry: "Order!")

I feel I must say something—but it's hard. I am going to vote for the Jewish Cause—I may be wrong—I hope I'm right.

(Cries of "You're right, you're right!" Electric lights in Hall are turned on.)

I am acting contrary to the wishes of the country I represent—Russia; but I cannot help it—I feel it is my duty—that is, not duty—no, I am not in sympathy with you, gentlemen! I am doing this because—because——

(Hesitates.)

I cannot tell you why.—No, I cannot explain—I will do this, though—I don't know what will come of it—but you need my vote,—it is the only vote you need now, and I hereby give it.

(After a pause.)

Members of the Congress of Religions, assembled in Jerusalem: I, Alexander Palovitch, in behalf of the great country of Russia, do hereby proclaim Russia to be in favor of and voting for the sale of Palestine to the Jewish race.

(Loud and continuing cheering. Arm appears thro' hole in green door left. Pistol is aimed at Palovitch. Shot is fired. He falls forward against stand, dead.)

TABLEAU AND CURTAIN

END OF EPOCH THE SEVENTH

Act Four



EPOCH THE EIGHTH



The Dawn of Eternity



THE WARS OF THE WORLD

LORD CHARLES KELMORE · *Commander in Chief of
the British Army*

REVEREND FRANCIS DARE · *An American Episco-
palian Minister*

EGLANTINE · *Lord Kelmore's Daughter*

DAVIS · *His Secretary*

SCENE ONE · *A Room in Buckingham Palace (MORNING)*

SCENE TWO · *A Mile Above London (NIGHT)*

SCENE THREE · *The Battle of London (NIGHT)*

TIME · *The Year 3000 A.D.*

SCENE ONE: *(Large flat desk with papers, books, etc., scattered on it. Telephone on desk. Maps and charts on walls. Thro' the windows evidences of London's devastation.)*

AT RISE: *(Lord Charles Kelmore is busy at desk, writing. Interval of few seconds. Davis enters R. L., stands by desk, waiting till Kelmore stops writing.)*

KELMORE: Davis, have you completed the summary?

DAVIS: Yes, my Lord.

(Reading.)

"In the terrible attack of last night, the Russian air fleet destroyed entirely the following British air boats: *The Eagle, The Intrepid, The Imperial, The Avalanche*. The left wing of the Houses of Parliament was entirely demolished, and in the fearful downpour of bombs and torpedoes from the giant airship *The Czarina*, London Bridge suffered great damage in its supports, and scores of people passing over the bridge were hurled into the river."

KELMORE: Fearful! But what can we do against the Russians' enormous air fleet? Fools we were not to have anticipated the frightful possibilities of aerial warfare.

(Takes up pen and writes.)

Call up Japan.

DAVIS: Yes, my Lord.

(He adjusts button box near phone. Continual clicking and whirring is heard. Davis remains standing by phone)

*till clicking ceases as sharp metallic bell strikes stridently.
Kelmore takes up receiver.)*

KELMORE: Ah, Japan, this is England. . . . Kelmore speaking. . . . Have you made any headway on Russian territory? (*Listens.*) Indeed? Capital, capital. . . . What? Oh, fearful! . . . Haven't you received the reports yet? . . . Yes. . . . We need you badly here. . . . Yes, fearfully crippled! . . . What's that? . . . Yes, the new air boat will be launched today? Better launch it here. . . . Yes. . . . The biggest in the world? . . . It must be. . . . I think it can annihilate the Russian fleet, at least check them. Good, we can expect relief at nightfall. . . . Fortunately they are out of ammunition, or they'd have us at their mercy today. . . . All right. . . . Good-by, Japan.

(Hangs up receiver.)

That is news worth hearing, Davis.

DAVIS: Indeed, my Lord.

KELMORE: Can you imagine what they did last night? They overpowered the Russian troops in Siberia, and today the prisoners in Siberia are at liberty? Can you imagine, Davis, with that wild horde of Nihilists, fanatics, and what not, at liberty, what may happen now?

DAVIS: But the freed prisoners have no arms.

KELMORE: Oh, but they have. The Jap. soldiers armed every man out of their plentiful stores. The situation is a tremendous one,—Russia's population long since

depleted by the long sustained war, and the Siberian colony rampant. Heaven pity Russia now!

DAVIS: Yes, my Lord, Heaven pity Russia there in Russia, but here with their enormous air fleet hovering over the British Isles, my Lord——

KELMORE: But out of ammunition, though they will have fresh supplies tonight. But tonight *The Kamka*, the most powerful air boat ever built, will be here tonight, if Japan keeps her word,—and she will, she will. I fancy, Davis, there will be nothing left of the Russian air fleet tomorrow morning. And soon our beloved country can sleep in peace again.

(Clicking and whirring heard; metallic bell strikes harshly as before. Davis takes up receiver.)

DAVIS: France at the phone, my Lord.

KELMORE: *(Takes receiver from Davis.)*

Yes, this is Kelmor. . . . Yes. . . . Well, no, we are not looking for sympathy . . . we never did yet. . . . I suppose the reports exaggerated things somewhat. . . . I understand. . . . No, all we really need and if you have any, we'll buy the air boats. . . . Yes, it was unexpected. . . . Thanks!

(Hangs up receiver.)

Confound their inquisitiveness. Davis, Japan's attitude to us was practical; the rest simply look on, hoping to see Russia lick us.

(Tap at door. Davis comes to L. Ambassador enters L. Gives Davis card. Kelmor resumes writing at desk. Davis crosses to Lord K. Gives him card.)

KELMORE: The Reverend Francis Dare. Have him wait.
(Davis crosses back to Ambassador. Whispers to him. Ambassador exits.)

KELMORE: Get the United States,—Washington.
(Writes. Davis waiting for further instructions.)

The President, of course!

(Davis adjusts button in box. Continued clicking and whirring as before. Metallic bell strikes harshly. Kelmore takes receiver.)

KELMORE: Good morning, Mr. President. . . . Kelmore speaking. Say, Graves, we have a prisoner of war, so to speak. . . . Reverend Francis Dare. . . . We don't want him. . . . What has he done? . . . Well, nothing yet, but, you know, we bar all but our own people from this part of the world. We'll soon have Russia barred. . . . This fellow will get killed if he persists lingering around here. . . . No, he's not a war correspondent. . . . What's that, Graves? No, I don't want to be dictatorial, but if he got killed in the mêlée, you'd blame us. . . . Of course, he has his own machine. It's a white air boat, and he calls it *The Spotless*. . . . What's that? Well, just as you say. . . . He can look on all he wants to, but it's not right. . . . No, I didn't suppose he was a spy. . . . Well, no. . . . No harm done, all right, but I'd rather not. . . . Good-by!

(Hangs up receiver.)

Send Dare in.

(Davis crosses to door. Kelmore resumes writing. Dare,

followed by Davis, enters. Dare is in usual ministerial garb. Davis points to Kelmore, who is still writing. Dare stands by desk. Kelmore looks up.)

KELMORE: Be seated!

(Indicates chair. Dare sits.)

Dare, you've given us as much trouble as a dozen Russians.

DARE: Why so, my Lord?

KELMORE: If you were an Englishman, I could make you do what is right. But, hang it all, you're an American!

DARE: My Lord, I am a Servant of God.

KELMORE: Pray let me conclude: During several of the recent battles you have persisted in flying around near the scene of encounter. Last night you were there again. You are not a war correspondent, nor yet a spy. You have no business imperiling your life. I have asked the United States to check you, but she won't; because you are one of those strange anomalies of the States,—a free citizen. Tell me this, Dare, why have you imperiled your life by witnessing the different battles?

(Eglantine, Lord Kelmore's daughter, opens door R. and listens.)

DARE: I have been watching the beginning of the End,—the Kingdoms of this world are about to become the Kingdom of our Lord, wherein dwelleth Righteousness.

(Eglantine enters. Kisses Lord K. and bows to Davis.)

KELMORE: My dear daughter! (*Aside*) A fanatic on religion! We can't make head or tail of what he says. (*To Davis*) Do you know what it's all about?

DAVIS: I confess not, my Lord.

(*Eglantine laughs merrily.*)

DARE: Hear me further, my Lord. You are but fulfilling in your country's share of the conflict that which has to be. . . . It is God's will. . . . It has to be!

KELMORE: You speak in parables. . . . "Has to be"? One thing has to be. . . . You know what, Eglantine?

EGLANTINE: Russia *has to be whipped*.

(*Davis, Kelmore and Eglantine laugh.*)

DARE: Even so, that would be but part of the Universal plans. The confusion that now exists will, in time, give way to the Clearer Understanding; but we do not fear, "For God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."

(*Kelmore taps his forehead significantly as he looks at Eglantine, as though to indicate that Dare was mentally deranged. She laughs merrily.*)

So amid all this devastation, let us rejoice in hope of the glory to follow; for, though the night be filled with a million terrors, the morning is at hand, when the Glory of God shall illumine a world at peace,—forever and forever.

KELMORE: (*Impatiently.*)

All this haranguing is not helping the issue. So,

Dare, you still desire to risk your life in watching the battles in the air?

DARE:

There will not be much occasion for me to watch further. The end is near,—and then God's hand will rule. Look through this window, my Lord, and tell me who would have thought that the great city of London should be in such a state.

(Eglantine, till finish of same, remains looking as tho' fascinated at Dare.)

KELMORE:

You're a queer fellow, my Reverend Sir. These battles are very material matters. What has religion to do with them?

EGLANTINE:

(Aside to Kelmore.)

Hush, Father, don't interrupt him.

DARE:

My Lord, if your country and all the others had paid more attention to God's word, you would not ask what you do. This life is but a preparation for the Life to come. But before that Perfect Life may be ours, you, my Lord, you *(to Eglantine)*, you *(to Davis)* and I, and all, must come to the Knowledge of the Lord.

KELMORE:

(To Eglantine.)

At least, he's sincere.

(Takes card off desk and reads it.)

Give instructions that the Reverend Francis Dare be not molested again. He is free to fly in his air boat, *The Spotless*, right in the heart of the battle, if he wants to.

(To Dare.)

Were you a British subject you'd be held to the peace, but you are an American, and we love the Americans like brothers—at least, we are supposed to.

(Telephone bell rings harshly. Davis takes up receiver.)

DAVIS: Our secret agent at Moscow, my Lord.

KELMORE: *(Takes up receiver.)*

Yes. . . . Just as I supposed, but Japan has promised that *The Kamka* will be here tonight. Good. . . . Yes, I think the tables will be turned in the morning.

(Hangs up receiver.)

(To Davis.)

The fresh supplies for the Russians are on the way.

(Observes Dare still lingering.)

You may go, Dare; by the way, there will be a battle tonight, that will be,—as the Americans would say,—the limit; Davis, have we Dare's address?

DAVIS: Yes, my Lord.

(Servant enters with decanter of wine and glasses.)

Dare, have a glass of wine before you go.

(Dare shakes his head in refusal. Servant pours wine. Lord K. takes glass, so does Eglantine. Dare crosses to door, turns and looks at Kelmore, who is drinking, while Eglantine remains motionless with wine untouched.)

KELMORE: England, always mistress of the seas, will soon be mistress of the air. Our invincible will shall assert itself—our will.

DARE: *(Standing in doorway, lifts right hand impressively. Raises forefinger.)*

Not thy will, but His Will be done.

(Eglantine drops glass of wine with a crash.)

CURTAIN

TEN HOURS ARE SUPPOSED TO HAVE ELAPSED
BETWEEN SCENES ONE AND TWO

SCENE TWO · One Mile Above London

(Totally dark stage, a gauze drop being the entire setting. Yellow lights appear, moving from L. to R., filling half the scene. No figures are seen, voices alone being heard.)

GEN.
DROSKY: Where are we now?

VOICE: One mile above London. We rest exactly over the Tower.

GEN.
DROSKY: Our lights will betray us. Out with them! They must not know if we are at a standstill or moving.

(Yellow lights go out.)

Haven't we enough explosives?

VOICE: No.

ANOTHER VOICE:	General!
GEN. DROSKY:	Yes.
VOICE No. 2:	Our new supplies are to be delivered tonight, but how can we be found with our lights out? Then there is the danger of collision.
GEN. DROSKY:	Lights on! <i>(Yellow lights appear as before.)</i> When should the explosives arrive?
VOICE:	At about 10.
GEN. DROSKY:	<i>The Dragon</i> carries blue lights. We shall not miss her. How say you, Blifka? If we destroy the Tower of London tonight the starch will be out of Johnny Bull!
BLIFKA:	England's days are numbered.
GEN. DROSKY:	Truly spoken. With a few more crushing victories, like last night, this tight little island will be ruled by His Imperial Majesty the Czar of all the Russias.
VOICE:	White light to starboard!
GEN. DROSKY:	White light? Who carries a white light?
VOICE No. 3:	Beg pardon, General; it's <i>The Spotless</i> with the American minister aboard.
GEN. DROSKY:	Ah, that religious fellow again! He's in dangerously close proximity. Megaphone him to keep clear of us if he doesn't want to get hurt.

MEGAPHONE Avast there!
OFF:

VOICE FROM Aye!
DISTANCE:

MEGAPHONE: General Drosky's compliments to the minister, but
let him heave off; he is on dangerous ground.

VOICE FROM All right! Thank you!
DISTANCE:

(White light recedes and disappears.)

VOICE No. 1: *The Dragon's coming.*

GEN.
DROSKY: How far off?

VOICE No. 1: About six miles.

GEN.
DROSKY: She's slowed down for fear of collision. Five hun-
dred miles an hour is her gait when she's in a hurry.

BLIFKA: She's in a hurry now. Look how she flies!

(Blue lights appear, entering R. toward L.)

GEN.
DROSKY: Hello, there!

VOICE No. 5: Hello!

GEN.
DROSKY: Load us up, quick! We'll wipe the best part of Lon-
don off the map tonight.

(Lights out.)

CHANGE TO

SCENE THREE · *The Battle of London*

(Bombs and other explosives are ascending and descending, exploding every second. General Drosky's airship is seen in perspective,—the yellow lights, much smaller, showing it to be apparently one-quarter of a mile away. The battle continues ad. lib. Red lights suddenly enter from L. to R. and continue moving across front of stage and obstructing view of Drosky's ship.)

VOICE: Yellow lights are Drosky. We can't touch him from here. He sees us. After him!

(Red lights cross from L. to R. and off. A terrific volley of explosives is seen to strike Drosky's air boat, which is torn into fragments and falls. During the cessation of hostilities, Dare enters in his air boat "The Spotless." Dare in air boat remains almost stationary at left. Spotlight is focused on Dare.)

DARE: *(Apostrophizing the scene.)*

Fight on! Fight on! Let war spread its terrors over the earth! Let the nations great and little rout each other with fearful carnage, and thus enact that which hath long been foretold! So out of this chaos shall come order; so the sound of the explosive shall change to angels' music; so the battlefields strewn with war's horrors shall become blooming gardens of everlasting flowers, and we shall behold the Redemption of Man and the Dawn of Eternity.

(Battle continued with greater force than before.)

SLOW CURTAIN

END OF EPOCH THE EIGHTH

Characters in Epoch the Ninth

§

ELTHA	}	<i>From Act 2</i>	EPOCH THE SECOND
NABO			

REV. FRANCIS DARE	}	EPOCH THE EIGHTH
EGLANTINE		

ABRAHAM	<i>From Act 1</i>	EPOCH THE FIRST
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§

SCENE · *A Garden in the Holy Land*

§

Act Five



EPOCH THE NINTH



A GARDEN IN THE HOLY LAND

(Trunk of fallen tree L. C.)

(Eltha enters.)

ELTHA: How beautiful the evening! How peaceful is my heart! It seems but yesterday that I lay on the couch, gazing at the roof-tops of Jericho, but I know it is many thousand years since then. And Nabo, if he believed, and died believing, will of a surety sometime be here to greet me. But who comes now, garbed in a manner old?

(Abraham enters.)

Venerable Master, you, like myself, are born again. Pray, who are you?

ABRAHAM: I am Abraham.

ELTHA: Abraham! Surely not that Abraham whom, almost at the beginning of the world, the Lord did promise much to!

ABRAHAM: And the Lord's promise hath been fulfilled; for thus spake the Lord so many, many centuries ago: "Abraham, lift up thine eyes, and look from the place where thou art; all the land that thou seest to

the east and the west, and the north and the south, all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed forever." Thus spake the Lord, and thus it hath come to pass.

(Rev. Francis Dare enters.)

DARE:

Yes, Abraham, and many other things have come to pass. Out of the chaos of War, Doubt, Atheism, Conflicting Religions,—out of all these things have come the fulfillment of God's promise—the Redemption of Man. For in your days, Abraham, was but the beginning of things, and now is the end—the glorious end, when the believers and the unbelievers all believe and live again in the Complete and Never-to-End Life. It has of a verity come as He said it would come—the Redemption of Man.

(Eltha crosses to fallen tree.)

ELTHA:

It is as he says, both the believer and the unbeliever alike have at last come into the Eternal ways.

(She kneels.)

(Abraham exits with Dare conversing aside.)

ELTHA:

And now I would fain know if my Nabo, who saw me die in the dim ages past,—if my Nabo will come to me.

(Looks up.)

O, Thou Great Jehovah, having lived here in the New Jerusalem,—lo, these many years, and remembering that Thou hadst promised that in this day Thou wouldst hear before we called, and while we were speaking yet wouldst Thou hear; and, believing it is not out of harmony with Thy plan, I

humbly beseech Thee, it may fall to my lot to teach Nabo Thy ways and that he may know Thee as Thou art. And if it is Thy will, O Lord, may Nabo appear.

(Buries her face in hands as she remains kneeling by trunk of fallen tree. Nabo enters R., not seeing Eltha.)

NABO:

Is this death?

(Bus.)

(Feels for wound where he had killed himself in Act 2.)

Here is the wound where I did kill myself. Truly I feel that I wander as in some Spirit Land.

(Observing Eltha kneeling.)

But there is Eltha! This is not Death, but Life,—as she said it would be, Life Eternal.

(Crosses toward her as Abraham enters.)

And yet, what has passed and what was that Death?

ABRAHAM:

(Advancing.)

There was no knowledge nor device in the grave whither thou hast slept,—lo these many years!

(Pointing to tree.)

Look, as the tree falleth, so it lies! That which we called Death was only a dreamless sleep; for as through Adam we all passed into the sleep that was called Death, yet as Christ can save and did, so through Him we shall live perfectly; for Christ gave His flesh for all mankind,—the believer and the unbeliever.

(Eltha rises, observing Nabo. They run to each other and embrace.)

NABO: My Eltha!

ELTHA: My Nabo, redeemed as I hoped he would be,—redeemed in the Dawn of Eternity!

NABO: Your words have come true,—your words . . .

ELTHA: God's words, my own!

(Dare enters with Eglantine.)

DARE: *(To Eglantine.)*

In those awful days, now past and gone forever,
when war cast its terrors by air, earth, and sea,
when your Father would have scoffed at me, save
for your gentle chiding, when to preach God's
Word was my only thought and care, when I would
not dare, even tho' I knew, to read that sweet mes-
sage in your eyes,—even then I knew this day
would come, when blessed with immortality, *all*
are forgiven. So now, with Eternity before us, I give
thee thy first kiss, and lead thee—lead thee—

ELTHA: *(To Nabo.)*

As I also lead thee—

DARE: *(To Eglantine.)*

Lead thee to the Everlasting City, where the Glory
of God shines forever and where there never cometh
the Night.

*(Dare and Eglantine. Nabo and Eltha. Abraham follow-
ing slowly across stage.)*

DARK CHANGE

CHORUS OF THE ETERNAL ONES AT THE TRANSFORMATION

(Stage darkens at the close of Ninth Epoch. Chorus is heard swelling in volume till the last scene. Tableau of The Holy City—full lighting—hundreds of white-robed figures—Angel chorus.)

Joyful swells the song exultant,
 With its wondrous message stored.
All the people of the Earth
 Are now the Nations of our Lord!
And forevermore we sing,—
 Hail to the Eternal King!

All is joy and all is gladness
 With this great immortal throng!
Gone forever death, pain and sadness
 In the echoes of our song—
As forevermore we sing,
 Hail to the Eternal King!

THE END OF THE PLAY

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The dawn of eternity;



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